



COUNTY BOARD FAVORS BIG PROJECT

SUPERVISORS VOTE IN FAVOR OF JOINT DISTRICT FOR BUILDING OF DUMBARTON BRIDGE AND NEW EASTSIDE HIGHWAY.

By unanimous vote the San Mateo county supervisors decided at their meeting Monday to proceed with the formation of the district for the construction of the Dumbarton bridge and the eastside highway as proposed by the joint San Mateo county and San Francisco committee last Friday and approved by the San Francisco supervisors Monday. District Attorney Swart, chairman of the San Mateo county delegation on the committee, filed his report, which was adopted.

Franklin Swart, attorney for the proposed San Carlos sanitary district, presented a petition signed by John A. Boyd and other San Carlos residents, together with a map of the proposed district, and the board ordered the petition filed and set the election for the district on May 16th.

An affidavit of the publication of the call for the Millbrae school district was filed and the canvassing of the votes in the election was set for next Monday.

The San Mateo Woman's Club was granted permission to hang a banner across the highway to advertise a Spanish fiesta.

A claim was received from George I. Lynn, a reporter for the San Francisco Examiner, for the \$1000 reward offered for the discovery of the murder of Rev. Patrick Heslin, Colma priest. This claim was turned down, and if Lynn wishes to proceed further with the claim he will be forced to have recourse to the courts.

A claim of the telephone company for \$5.55 for telephone service to the office of former Justice of the Peace Porter Lamb at Burlingame during February was reported.

A number of claims against the county treasury for the month of March were passed.

By resolution \$400 was transferred from the general fund to repair a bridge at Bean Hollow.

The board will meet again next Monday morning.

C. E. S. WHIST PARTY DRAWS LARGE ATTENDANCE

The card party given by Ruth Chapter, O. E. S., Monday evening was well attended, thirteen tables being filled with players. Dutch whist was the game, and furnished much merriment for those engaged. Prizes were won as follows: First, Mrs. W. Waelty, high score; second, Mrs. Erwin, low score; third, Mrs. Monroe, matron of San Mateo chapter, second high score; fourth, Fred Snyder, second lowest; fifth, Mrs. L. G. Hardy, middle score.

SCOTS TO ENTERTAIN LADIES.

At a dance and card party to be held tomorrow (Saturday) evening, the San Mateo Pyramid of Scots plans to entertain at the Masonic Temple in San Mateo in honor of the ladies. All Master Masons in the county, members of the Eastern Star, Amaranth and De Molay, together with wives, husbands and sweethearts, are invited to be present for an evening of enjoyment with the Egyptians. No effort has been spared to make the event novel and entertaining and a record crowd is anticipated.

HOTEL PROPRIETOR BURNED IN OIL RANGE EXPLOSION

Joseph Reichel, proprietor and owner of the Golden Eagle Hotel, was severely burned in the kitchen of the hotel Saturday by the explosion of a large, oil-burner kitchen range. Mrs. L. J. Schneider, wife of Chef Schneider, was also slightly burned. A well-prepared breakfast and a large quantity of dishes were ruined in the explosion, but no serious damage to the room or property occurred. An accumulation of gas was, seemingly, responsible for the explosion.

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TWENTY-FOUR NEW HOUSES ARE PLANNED

Chamber of Commerce Plans for New Homes in This City in Fair Way to Bear Fruit.

That prospects were now excellent for the construction in this city in the very near future of twenty-four new houses, was the glad news announced at the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce held at the city hall Tuesday evening. Those who, at the last meeting of the Chamber, pledged themselves to secure two or three persons each to build houses on the plan recently announced by the Chamber, reported at Tuesday evening's meeting, and nearly all had already secured their number of prospective builders, several having exceeded the number they started after. Dr. F. S. Dolley, president of the Chamber, appointed a committee to act in an advisory capacity with those who have signified their intention to build, the members of the committee being F. A. Cunningham, E. C. Peck, and I. H. Potter. Dr. Dolley also appointed L. G. Hardy, D. W. Ratto, and W. H. Dinning as a committee to attend the meeting of the Merchants' Association this week and discuss building plans with those present.

It is expected that the meeting of the supervisors of this county which will be held at Redwood next Monday will have an important bearing on the eastside highway and Dumbarton bridge projects, as the board will probably take further action relative to the formation of a district taking in this county and San Francisco for the furtherance of this work, and a committee was appointed to attend the meeting. Phil Thompson, W. J. Martin and Dr. F. S. Dolley compose the committee.

The proposition to secure an independent postoffice for this city came up for discussion again, and President Dolley, L. G. Hardy, I. H. Potter, H. A. Cavassa, and Lloyd Thayer were appointed to take the matter up with Postmaster James Power in San Francisco. An effort will be made to have Supervisor John MacBain accompany the committee.

ELECTION RESULTS FROM NEAR-BY TOWNS

Taxpayers' League Wins at Daly City; Bonds in Doubt at San Mateo.

South San Francisco was, probably, the only city in San Mateo county where a quiet election was held. In several places a spirited contest resulted in an unusually large vote being cast.

In Daly City, out of a registration of 1376 voters, 1224 ballots were cast, the result being the re-election to the board of city trustees of Mayor H. H. Smith and Trustee O'Rourke and the election of T. P. Moran.

In San Bruno Dr. F. H. Smith was returned to the board and George Edwards and Emil Halter were elected as trustees.

In Burlingame Mayor W. H. Pearson and Trustee E. E. Johnson were re-elected. Here in the last few days a movement was started to elect Frank H. Thrall by writing his name on the ballot, and many votes were cast this way but not a sufficient number to elect.

In San Mateo Mayor Thomas Brady and Trustee J. F. Turner were returned to office. Due, seemingly, to carelessness of election officers in tabulating totals, the result on four city improvements calling for bond issues is still in doubt and may not be known until the city trustees canvass the election returns in the sealed envelopes next Monday evening.

In Redwood City Mark E. Ryan was returned to the board and Henry A. Beeger was elected to a seat, defeating the incumbent, George A. Kreiss. A proposition to issue bonds in the sum of \$30,000 to acquire a municipal water system was defeated by twenty-three votes.

Dr. F. S. Dolley expects his aunt, Mrs. Nettie Boothby, this week for a visit of several weeks. Mrs. Boothby has spent the winter in southern California, and is now on her way to her home in Maine.

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Let Easter Be a Day of Inspiration

ISN'T it true that in the seeming bustle, bustle and striving of business life we all sometimes lose sight of the true meanings of events, occasions, days or seasons?

Isn't this true, more or less, in regard to Easter? Are we permitting self glory, desires, ambitions, commercialisms to overshadow the day and rob us of inspirations which should mean for us happiness, peace, plenty?

These few words were not aimed to preach creed nor form. Instead they are grouped in a new form of a sincere invitation to every person to visit his or her church on Easter. To let it be a day of inspirations.—Inspirations to all that is best in them.

Easter commemorates the resurrection of the Christ, an occasion which was the living proof of the victory of Life over Death. And if that be so, then frail human fears, worries, jealousies, despairs are all useless. It is to us to look to the source of our being—and we are at least striving to do this when we attempt to live the Christianity that we all know—each in his own way.

So visit YOUR church Easter Sunday. It will give you the inspirations to strive anew in meeting your work-a-day problems—dealing with your fellowman—as you would be dealt with.

LITTLE VICTIM OF TRUCK BURIED BY SORROWING FAMILY

All that was mortal of little Charmine Lewis, three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lewis and victim of an accident that crushed out her life on the highway Thursday afternoon of last week, was laid to rest Saturday afternoon with simple but impressive ceremonies.

The Rev. C. L. Peck was in charge of the funeral services, which were held at St. Paul's Methodist Church. He was assisted by the Rev. E. H. Molony. The place was crowded with grieving friends, and wet eyes all over the room attested to the deep sympathy felt for the bereaved parents and sorrow for the child that was gone. A great profusion of beautiful floral pieces accompanied the little casket to the grave in Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

The little girl met her death under the wheels of a truck driven by C. W. Westcott of Saratoga. With her five-year-old sister, Vivian, Charmine was walking along San Bruno road just south of the corner of Linden avenue. The two children started to cross the road ahead of the truck, and, from the best accounts available of what followed, it would seem that the younger child fell. One front wheel of the heavy machine struck her body. The driver stopped, gathered up the little body, and with all possible speed rushed it to the South San Francisco Hospital, but life was extinct when he reached that institution.

Mr. Westcott was held blameless for the accident.

Thomas Blackwell left Tuesday for the mountains about twenty miles from Quincy, Calif., to develop a mining claim he has there.

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BONDS AND TAX LOSE BY CLOSE MARGIN

Number of Votes Cast Is Smallest Polled in South San Francisco for Many Years.

Through the apathy of the voters of South San Francisco the two improvement projects that appeared on the ballots Monday were lost. One proposition was to issue bonds to construct a sewer extension in the north end of town, the other was to provide funds to improve the civic center. Both lost by close margins, the sewer plan by thirteen votes, the civic center improvement by fourteen votes.

The largest vote cast was for the bonds, the number voting on this project being 348. This out of 777 voters who registered prior to the election. Of these 219 voted for the sewer bonds and 129 against them. This was a good majority in favor of the improvement, but lacked the necessary two-thirds majority by thirteen votes.

On the civic center special tax only 292 persons voted, 180 voting yes and 112 no, the necessary two-thirds majority being lost by fourteen.

There was no opposition to F. A. Cunningham and A. J. Eschelbach, candidates for re-election as city trustees, and many voters did not take the pains to vote for either. Mr. Cunningham receiving 262 votes, Mr. Eschelbach 245. A rumor that was current on the street Monday afternoon to the effect that an effort was to be made to elect a "dark horse" candidate by writing in his name did not materialize, only two or three scattering names being written on the ballots.

The vote cast Monday was the smallest polled in this city for many years, that at the school election of March 31st being 491.

YEOMEN PLAN WHIST PARTY.

The local lodge, Brotherhood of American Yeomen, is planning a whist party for the evening of April 15th. The party will be held in Fraternal Hall and will be a benefit for a sick member of the lodge.

LEADER OF HART BANDIT GANG TAKEN

Undersheriff H. W. Lampkin Arrests Fugitive at Redwood.

Arnold V. (Tommy) Thompson, alleged to be the leader of the bandit gang that looted the wine cellar in the McNear home at Menlo Park on the night of March 1st and held Julien Hart and his family and servants captives for fourteen hours, was arrested Monday afternoon about 3 o'clock in Redwood City at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. E. P. Crist, 133 Wilson street, Redwood City. Thompson's wife, Mrs. Mary Thompson, was in the house at the time.

Undersheriff H. W. Lampkin made the arrest, following a tip that Thompson was in the house. Lampkin had the place surrounded and entered the front door. He found Thompson with his face covered with lather, ready to shave off the disguise which he had worn in the shape of a mustache and side whiskers. Thompson made no attempt to escape.

The prisoner was taken to the county jail, where he was interviewed by District Attorney Franklin Swart. Swart stated that Thompson admitted his part in the affair, and implicated Clifford Rollins and John Walsh, now under arrest, Herbert Ashbury and George ("Tony") Gourselle, fugitives, and one other man whose name was known to the authorities but has not yet been given out.

Thompson said that following the robbery he went to San Francisco, where he remained until his friend, William Spiez, was arrested, and then he went to Stockton, where he had been working taking orders for a photographic concern. He finally decided to return to Redwood City to see his wife, walking in while a party was in progress at the home of his sister-in-law. He remained there Saturday and Sunday nights, and planned to leave with his wife for the East where they could start life anew under an assumed name.

MRS. DOAK GETS SETTLEMENT OF BIG PROPERTY HOLDINGS

A news note that appeared in the San Francisco News Bureau recently is of local interest, as the Mrs. Sarah Doak mentioned is the mother of Dr. T. C. Doak of this city and lives with her son at his Miller avenue home. The clipping follows:

Napa.—That Sarah Doak, mother of the late Dr. P. Doak, Napa capitalist, who contested the will offered by Frieda Vocke Doak, the widow, will receive land holdings in Colusa county valued at approximately \$250,000, is the announcement made following a visit here of Theodore Bell, counsel for the contestant.

Dr. T. C. Doak and family spent last Sunday at Ben Lomond.

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HIGHWAY DIST. MEETS FAVOR IN S. F.

SUPERVISORS ENDORSE PLAN OF FORMING DISTRICT AND BUILDING BRIDGE AND HIGHWAY AS ONE PROJECT.

By a resolution adopted by the San Francisco board of supervisors Monday endorsing the project, the way is cleared for the formation of a highway district taking in that city and all San Mateo county, the purpose being the construction of an eastside highway through this county and the building of a bridge at Dumbarton. This action followed close upon a meeting held in San Francisco last Friday between members of the board of supervisors and a committee appointed by the San Mateo county board, this committee consisting of Supervisor John MacBain, County Surveyor George A. Kneese and District Attorney Franklin Swart.

It is estimated that the combined project of highway and bridge will cost about \$2,500,000. At the request of the board of supervisors a committee will ask the State Highway Commission to make a survey of the most available route for the highway and the most practicable point at which a bridge can be built.

There was a lengthy discussion at the meeting Monday of the advisability of building the bridge across the bay from Coyote Point or the construction of another bridge at this place, N. A. Davies of the One Hundred Per Cent Club urging the Coyote Point bridge and being seconded by Supervisor W. S. Scott.

City Engineer O'Shaughnessy stated he believed it would not be advisable to mention Coyote Point in the resolution, and his suggestion was finally accepted. The State Highway Commission and the engineers of the two counties, however, will be asked to consider the possibility of a bridge at Coyote Point in making the survey to Dumbarton.

The question of the route and the determination of where the bridge is to be built were left to the engineers of San Mateo and San Francisco counties and the engineer for the State Highway Commission.

Wednesday of this week several supervisors of San Francisco and San Mateo counties with other officials and a delegation of engineers viewed available sites for the San Mateo terminus of the bridge. A committee was appointed to confer with Alameda county officials to urge the construction of a three-mile stretch of highway on the east side of the bay to connect the proposed bridge with the Oakland-San Jose road. The committee includes District Attorney Swart, County Surveyor George A. Kneese, and Supervisors MacBain, Brown and Hickey of this county and Supervisors Welch, Hayden, Rossi, Robb, Coleman, and City Engineer O'Shaughnessy of San Francisco.

The announcement was made Wednesday by Manager Imboden of the Three Cities Chamber of Commerce that that body was opposed to the Dumbarton bridge and would call a mass meeting at San Mateo next Tuesday to consider means to defeat the Dumbarton route. The Three Cities Chamber is urging that the bridge be located from Little Coyote Point, two miles south of San Mateo, to Alvarado in Alameda county.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Scott and family, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Hempstead, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coffinberry and daughter Nell, Mrs. Elizabeth Coffinberry and Mrs. Caroline Coffinberry and daughter Elizabeth and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Peck spent Sunday afternoon at Spring Valley Lakes.

Rollins and Walsh were before Superior Judge George H. Buck Monday, Walsh's trial being set for April 20th, and the time to set Rollins' trial being continued to that date, both having entered pleas of not guilty. The court appointed Gilbert D. Ferrell of Burlingame to defend Rollins, Ferrell having been appointed to defend Walsh when his plea of not guilty was entered.

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THE MESSAGE OF THE LILIES.

(By Paula Revere.)

A garden veiled in darkness, hearts shrouded in black despair, Shaken were fen and veil and men when His cry rent Calvary's air. And now stern sentries guarded a rock-hewn, sealed tomb; The Garden, chilled, expectant, thrilled in the heavy gloom. Oh! to have seen in the dawning what only the lilies saw! Wide swung the door His steps before in silent, reverent awe. "Risen! Not here!" cried the angels. "We know," breathed the lilies sweet, "And every year, to calm earth's fear, the miracle we'll repeat."

The greatest leaders still follow somebody.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to all the organizations and the many friends which gave their assistance and sympathy and beautiful floral offerings in our late bereavement, the death of Louis Ringue, our son and brother.

MRS. J. RINGUE AND FAMILY.

TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

I wish to thank you for your loyal support at the April 10th election. I know that my past four years has only made me more fit to be your trustee and employee, and will see to it that your confidence has not been unworthily bestowed.

Respectfully,
A. J. ESCHELBACH.


Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

PENGUINS ONCE MORE

"I have just one more story I want to tell you of the penguins," said Daddy, and then I think I won't tell any more penguin stories for a long time."



"We've loved hearing about them, Daddy," said Nancy, "and when we've told a number of our friends what we knew about them they have liked hearing about them, too. So I do believe the penguins are popular."

"Pick My Steps." "And they're such wonderful looking creatures," said Nick, "the way they can walk along like little men, and yet they swim with their wings and are called birds!"

"I hope some day to go to New Zealand and some of the other out-of-the-way parts of the world and see them for myself!"

"Well, just one more story about them, then," said Daddy, "and then I really think we'd better not have any more penguin stories for a good long time, for there might be some friends who didn't care for penguin stories, and they'd rather have more of other kinds."

"Well, anyway, I must tell you about young Master Johnny Penguin and his brother when they were about to change their down."

"At the end of January they had left the nests, but still had been guarded over by their parents and had wanted to have their parents feed them and look after them as much as possible."

"They still were quite timid."

"They then wear their soft gray and white downy suits and about the first of February they begin to molt and show the feathers which had been growing underneath. They show white spots on their heads."

"Off comes the down, and the last of it to go is from the back of the head and the neck and shoulders."

"Their parents hadn't begun to molt as yet, though their feathers were beginning to look quite shabby and they were plainly in need of new clothes."

"They were going about, using their tails as props, as they always did, and were doing all they still could about feeding the young."

"For a time, when the older ones are molting, they change their new feathers and have orange feet, or orange boots, of which they are very proud and which they consider very handsome."

"The inner part of their wings, which have been pink during the time when they were thinking about the eggs to be hatched out, become white now."

"They were all as curious as ever, looking at everything they found and wondering what it could be and picking up odds and ends to see what they might be, not dropping them until they had satisfied their curiosity."

"Now," said young Master Johnny Penguin, "I shall try to be like my parents. I shall sleep a great deal and when I awaken from a nap I shall see that I am looking quite neat and all."

"I shall preen my feathers and do my best to look my best!"

"And when I walk I shall pick my steps carefully, taking steps high in the air, holding my tail high above the ground and balancing as I go along with my wings."

"I shall swim well, going along quickly, and I shall now and again bring my head out of the water for a breath of air, and then I'll go down again quickly."

"When I'm out on land I'll sometimes hop from one stone to another, as my cousin, the Rock-Hopper penguin, does. And when I am frightened I will get down on all fours and toboggan along."

"And when I have nothing special to do and no one is bothering me when I'm going marketing or returning home from my marketing, I'll go along, paying attention to nobody, as my parents do."

"That is the way to talk," the parents of young Master Johnny Penguin said, "but it will be better yet when you act that way, for actions, folks say, speak louder than words!"

"And when men from other places visit us here, let them stroke our backs, for it is the most pleasant thing in the world, and they do it so very, very well!"

Tender Feet?

Tenderfoot—I wish I was in your shoes.
Second Class—Why?
Tenderfoot—Because mine leak.—Boys' Life.

LADIES' AID TO HAVE SOCIAL AT DUNCAN HOME

Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Duncan will entertain the Ladies' Aid of St. Paul's Methodist Church at the home of Mrs. Duncan Thursday afternoon of next week. All friends of the church are invited to attend.

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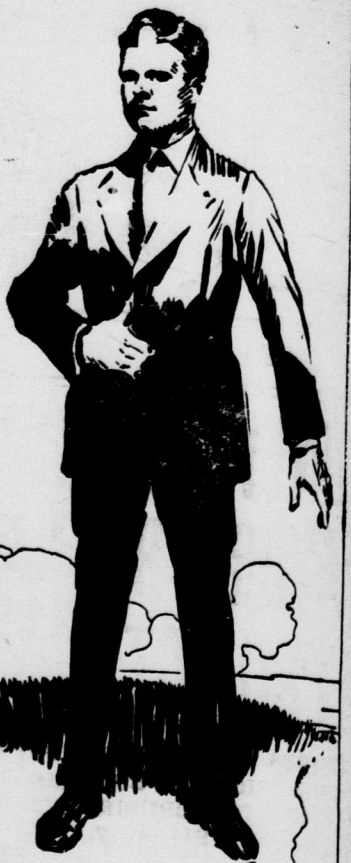
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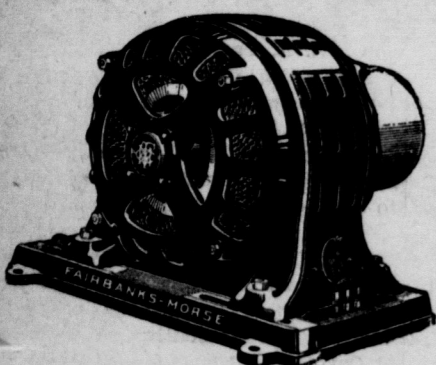
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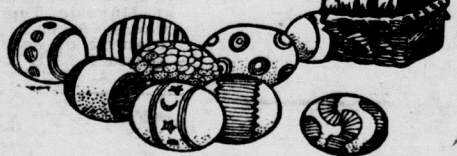
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"BAT" MASTERSON'S REVENGE
ON THE CHEYENNES

One December day in the early seventies a young buffalo hunter down in the Texas Panhandle was busy skinning a buffalo when five Cheyennes of Chief Bear Shield's band rode up, saluted him with a grave "How!" and sat on their ponies idly watching his work. Although the hunter's Sharps rifle was lying some distance away, he was not worried, for the Cheyennes were supposed to be peaceful at that time.

Presently one of the red men dismounted and picked up the Sharps as though to examine it and, as he did so, another reached across and whipped the pistol from the holster in the hunter's belt. Instantly the first Indian struck the white man a murderous blow across the forehead with the rifle and in broken but emphatic English told him to "git." The hunter was outnumbered five to one; he "got."

The victim of the Cheyennes was "Bat" Masterson. William Barclay Masterson was his name, but his success as a buffalo hunter had won him the title of "Bat," as a worthy successor to Baptiste Brown, "Old Bat," a mighty slayer of game in the old days. Masterson reached his camp in safety. That night he rode stealthily into Bear Shield's village and "cut out" 40 of the old chief's ponies. As he worked he came upon another rider engaged in the same occupation. It proved to be Billy Tighman, a fellow buffalo hunter who later became a famous deputy United States marshal.

When in 1874 a war party swept down upon the Adobe Walls, the buffalo hunters' headquarters, some of Bear Shield's warriors rode with it, and one of the defenders of the little stockade was "Bat" Masterson. Then and there he obtained revenge for the blow which the Cheyenne had struck him.

After the Adobe Walls fight, Masterson enlisted as a scout for General Miles and served with him until the southern plains tribes were subdued. A few years later he was elected sheriff of Ford county, Kansas. Dodge city, the county seat, was one of the toughest cowboy towns in the West, but when Masterson resigned in 1881 it was one of the most peaceful. By his courage and his skill he had established a record second only to Wild Bill Hickok as a tamer of "bad men."

Then he left the West never to return, and today "Bat" Masterson is a high salaried writer on a New York newspaper.

NOW THE CRANBERRY "FARM"

New and Successful Industry Has Been
Developed of Late Years in the
Pacific Northwest.

Shortage in the cranberry crop in other parts of the United States last year has focused attention upon this new industry of the Pacific Northwest, which promises to furnish strong competition for the product of the eastern part of the American continent, as described in Popular Mechanics Magazine. After years of experimentation and selection and the development of artificial growing areas the states of Washington and Oregon have come to the front as producers of cranberries in large commercial quantities.

Lewis and Clark, in the log of their trip across the continent in the early part of the Nineteenth century, mention the fine flavor of the wild cranberries purchased from the Indians along Columbia river. Cultivation of the wild cranberry bogs was not attempted until about thirty-five years ago, and continued in a desultory manner until recently, when a successful means of preparing growing ground was developed.

Preparation of cranberry ground in the Pacific Northwest is an expensive undertaking, the cost being around \$1,000 an acre. A wild marsh is selected, drained by ditches, cleared of trees and brush, then the turf is removed by what is called the "scalping" process, laying bare the peat of the bog. Over the peat is spread a four-inch layer of clean white sand. Planting is the next proceeding. Vine cuttings are used for this purpose and are pressed through the sand into the peat with a dibble or planting tool. The vines are planted ten inches apart, which makes about 60,000 to the acre.

Mayor Elected in a Belfry.

Brightlingsea, a pretty little town on the coast of Sussex, England, not to be confused with Brighthelmston, now known as Brighton, is a law unto itself in the election of a mayor. Other cities and towns may choose their chief magistrate on November 9; Brightlingsea prefers December 5, and carries out the old-time ceremony in the belfry of the parish church. The mayor of Brightlingsea is no ordinary mayor, he is a deputy of the Cinque Ports (just as the lord mayor of London is admiral of the port of London) and he has six assistants, each of whom cheerfully pays a "fine" of 4s. for the privilege of "aiding the liberty of Brightlingsea," and possibly in collecting the 10s, which Brightlingsea has paid to Sandwith every year these last five centuries. Some day a very courageous mayor of Brightlingsea, elected in the belfry, will announce by bob major that he intends to get rid of the debt by payment of a lump sum.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Grace Episcopal Church
Corner Grand and Spruce avenues.
Holy Week and Easter Day Services
Tuesday and Wednesday, 10 a. m.
Maundy Thursday, Holy Communion, 10 a. m.

Good Friday

The Three Hours, 12 noon to 3 p. m.
"The Seven Last Words from the Cross."

Opportunity is given between the seven addresses to leave the church for those who cannot remain throughout.

Easter Day

Holy Communion, 8:30 a. m.
Holy Communion and Sermon, 11 a. m.

It is not only fitting and the normal thing to take the Holy Communion on the great feast day of the Resurrection, but also the church's rule that all communicants shall communicate on that day. Members of other churches without a church home are cordially invited to participate at all these services.

EDWARD H. MOLONY,
Pastor.

St. Paul's M. E. Church

Clayton L. Peck, Pastor.
Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. A. A. Whitten, superintendent.
Morning service, 11 a. m.
Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.
Evening service, 7:45 p. m.
Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock, prayer meeting.

Christian Science Society.

South San Francisco, Calif.
A branch of The Mother Church, of Boston, Mass.
Metropolitan Hall, Linden avenue near Grand.
Services Sunday, 11 a. m.
Wednesday, 8 p. m.
Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.
Subject of lesson sermon, "Doctrine of Atonement."
The public is cordially invited to attend.

An automobile show gives some people a chance to sit in beautiful cars who never have any chance to sit in them except in funeral processions.

Easter Greetings

YOUR NEW OUTFIT IS NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT

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R & G Corset



We Carry Ladies' Hose in
all Shades

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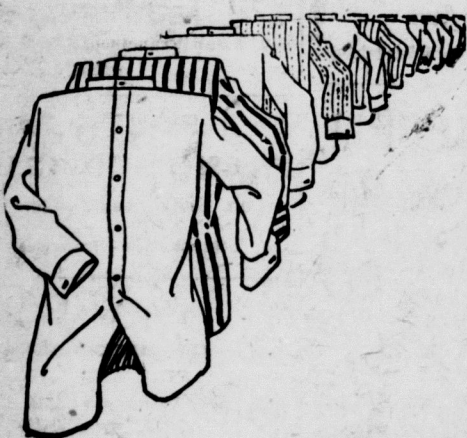
Or Girdles

From \$1.00 to \$6.00

A. T. ARNDT

319 GRAND AVENUE

The bride who promises to love her husband "in sickness and in health" is either utterly reckless or she has never been around a sick grouch. The stuff the hot air merchant deals out to somebody else is flattery, but when he gives it to you it's honest praise for noble effort.

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We are now building five Stucco Bungalows in our High School Addition. They contain two bedrooms, dining room, living room, kitchen, bathroom, and back porch with wash trays.

MODERN IN EVERY PARTICULAR

The grounds will be laid out with lawn, shrubs and plants.

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A small payment down and balance like rent.



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W. J. MARTIN, General Manager

The Enterprise

Official Paper of the City of South San Francisco
Published every Thursday. Office, 312 Linden Avenue. Phone 126.

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Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Calif., as second-class matter, December 19, 1895.

ROBERT SPEED

Managing Editor

THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1922.

APATHY KILLS IMPROVEMENTS

The defeat of the two proposed city improvements at Monday's election cannot but be a source of regret to public-spirited citizens of South San Francisco. Both improvements are needed, both improvements must come sooner or later if this city is to retain its position as one of the most progressive towns on the peninsula. One thing and one only defeated the two improvements, the apathy of the voters. Because there were no contests over the two city trusteeships many persons who favored the improvement propositions stayed at home, thinking they would carry anyway. Less than half of those registered voted and the registration for the city election was light. This city should poll nearly a thousand votes. Only about 350 votes were cast.

Now the city will be forced later on to call a special election with the expense that involves and again go through the costly preliminary steps. It would have saved taxpayers' money to have voted the improvements this time.

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

When you hoard money away you assist in stifling the commercial activity of this country.

If you put it in the bank the banker lends it to some one who uses it in producing something. That keeps other people at work and keeps the money in circulation.

If you lend it on a mortgage or buy bonds it answers the same purpose. It keeps circulating and everybody is benefited.

When money keeps moving it enables many people to move. The fellow who can't move is in a bad way. The dollar that is hid away is in a bad place.

o o o o

There are two sides to every question, although some people are never able to admit or even consider but one—until the shoe begins to pinch.

In a certain town there was a choice bit of scandal. It would have looked juicy in print.

But the local editor did not use it. Too many innocent people would have suffered with the guilty.

A male gossip stopped the editor on the street and indignantly demanded that he "publish the news, regardless of who it hits."

Shortly thereafter a member of the old gossip's own family became involved in an unsavory mess.

Did the gossip again demand relentless publicity?

He did not. He busted right into the editorial office with a heart-rending plea for complete suppression of the facts, "for the sake of his innocent wife and daughters."

The woods are full of 'em.

o o o o

If a child is trained to take a pride in cleaning and beautifying the home lawn and grounds, that child, grown to maturity, will have a beautiful home of its own.

If it is allowed to "grow up with the weeds," there will be an overplus of weeds in its adult life.

Two everyday facts worth daily consideration.

o o o o

When asked for a donation by crippled and hungry ex-soldiers, the former kaiser sent them his autographed photo and replied that he was "hard up himself."

They were unable to eat the photo.

o o o o

The government—or congress—considered Judge Landis worth \$7500 a year as a federal judge, and lost him.

Organized baseball considers him worth \$50,000 a year, and gets him.

Some day there will be brains enough in Washington to recognize the true value of brains in other places.

Many a man who is brave enough to fight a buzz saw will duck a rolling pin.



Poem by Uncle John

LITERARY STRENGTH.

In the everlasting tussle with the literary jinx, we need a heap more muscle than the average poet thinks. . . . I allers have contended, that there's nothin' in a "gift" when you want to build a poem that can punch as well as lift. . . .

I never had much patience with the literary hen, that dreams of hatchin' custards while she's settin' on her pen. . . . But the verbal sausage-stuffer, with the devil in his arm, is the everlastin' duffer that can boost as well as charm. . . .

I couldn't play a dew-dad that a fellow has to pick. . . . But they allers hear my hew-gag, when I welt her with a stick—an' I've got a sneakin' notion that the rhyme the country needs, ort to sparkle with devotion an' reverberate with deeds.

From Uncle John.

Spring Planting



WANT ADS.

These little advertisements are tremendous pullers. Try one for whatever you have to sell, buy, rent, or trade, if you want work or to hire help.

To Rent—Two furnished house-keeping rooms, kitchen and bedroom, single or double beds, bachelors or couple, water, electricity and gas for cooking, linen, etc., \$12 per mo.; also 3-rm. cottage, very nicely furnished, linen, water, electricity and gas for cooking, \$20 per mo. Apply 1224-26 San Bruno road, opposite Western Pipe Company. 8t

For Sale—New sewing machine, dining room chairs and table, baby carriage. Inquire 109 Aspen avenue, So. S. F. 4t

For Rent or Sale—7-room furnished flat, suitable to rent out; also 4 furnished housekeeping rooms, close in, \$20. Apply 221 Miller avenue. 4t

For Sale—Milch goats and kids, prices reasonable, kids available for Easter; act quickly. Apply C. J. Ledwith, San Bruno. 4t

Wanted—Good second-hand cook stove with waterback. Address Box 267, So. S. F. 1t

For Sale—Black Minorca hatching eggs, thoroughbred stock, \$1 for 15 eggs. Call after 5 p. m., Mrs. S. R. Sands, 633 Grand avenue, So. S. F. 4t

The Reason.

The physician was giving an informal talk in physiology.

"Also," he remarked, "it has recently been found that the human body contains sulphur."

"Sulphur!" exclaimed the girl in the blue and white sweater. "And how much sulphur is there in a girl's body?"

"Oh, the amount varies," said the doctor, smiling, "according to the girl."

"Ah," replied the girl. "And is that why some of us make better matches than others?"

Mother used to hurry through with the evening dishes so she could have a long, pleasant evening of reading with the family. Now she "stacks" the dishes until morning so she won't be late to the movies.

NOTICE OF LIEN-HOLDER'S SALE OF AUTOMOBILE AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned that he will sell at public auction at the main entrance of the City Hall of the City of South San Francisco, in said City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, on the 22d day of April, 1922, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a. m., one Ford Automobile, engine number 3,755,542, bearing California license number 416-100 for the year 1920, for the purpose of satisfying the lien of the undersigned for compensation for repairing and safekeeping said automobile.

Dated April 6th, 1922.
FRED J. LAUTZE.
First publication in The Enterprise, April 6th, 1922. 4-6-2t

SUMMONS.

C. C. P. Secs. 844-845.
In the Recorder's Court of the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. L. A. Weber, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to L. A. Weber, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear before me at my office, at City Hall in said City and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Recorder's Court of City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, within five days after the service on you of

this Summons—if it is served within the city and county, township or city in which this action is brought; but within ten days if it is served out of said township or city but in the County in which the action is brought, and within twenty days if served elsewhere. And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising under contract, or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand this 6th day of March, 1922.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Judge of the Recorder's Court of the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo.
J. W. COLEBERD, Attorney for Plaintiff. 4-13-10t

NOTICE OF PARTNERS TRANSACTING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME.

This is to certify, that the undersigned are copartners, transacting business as such, with their principal place of business in the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, and that they are transacting such business as such partners under a fictitious name and designation not showing the names in full of all the members of such partnership, and of all the persons interested in said business as partners, to-wit: under the fictitious name and designation of "Columbia Meat Market."

That the names in full of all the members of such partnership and their places of residence, and the names in full of all persons interested in, or transacting such business under such fictitious name are:

Arcangelo Vincenzini, residing at South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.
Lawrence Vincenzini, residing at South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.
Frank Vincenzini, residing at South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

That the business at said place, and under said designation, and by said persons transacted, is a general retail meat and provision business.

ANGELO VINCENZINI,
LAWRENCE VINCENZINI,
FRANK VINCENZINI,
State of California, County of San Mateo.—ss.
On this 7th day of April, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-two, before me, F. A. Cunningham, a Notary Public in and for said San Mateo County, residing therein duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Arcangelo Vincenzini, Lawrence Vincenzini and Frank Vincenzini, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, the day and year in this certificate first above written.
[Seal] F. A. CUNNINGHAM,
Notary Public in and for said San Mateo County, State of California. 4-13-2t

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FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

South City Lodge, No. 832, L. O. O. F., meets in Fraternal Hall every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers welcome.
Geo. Klesling, Dictator.
Henry Veit, Secretary.

Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, Impd. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Fraternal Hall. Visiting brothers welcome.
A. Maderas, Sachem.
R. Zanetti, Chief of Records.

Bay City Homestead, No. 5527, B. A. T., meets every third Wednesday in the month.
A. R. Tunzi, Foreman.
H. F. McNellis, Correspondent.

Francis Drake Lodge, No. 376, F. & A. M., meets at Fraternal Hall first Friday every month for stated meeting.
R. W. Burge, Master.
G. W. Holston, Secretary.

San Mateo Pyramid No. 25, Ancient Egyptian Order of Secrets, meets at Masonic Temple, San Mateo, second Saturday evening of each month for session.
FERD PRINCE, business manager.
A. A. ROCHER, Scribe.

South City Aerie, No. 1471, F. O. B., meets every Tuesday evening in Fraternal Hall, 8 o'clock.
Geo. A. Kneese, Worthy President.
Daniel Hyland, Secretary.
Visiting brothers welcome.

Bernard McCaffery Post, No. 85, American Legion, meets at City Hall 1st and 3d Friday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock.
M. B. Koop, Commander.
William J. Hyland, Adjutant.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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J. W. COLEBERD

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

South San Francisco, San Mateo County, Cal.

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B. J. RODONDI

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Telephone 43-MK

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Grand avenue, South San Francisco
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and Friday. Franklin 6380.
Berkeley—Monday and Thursday.
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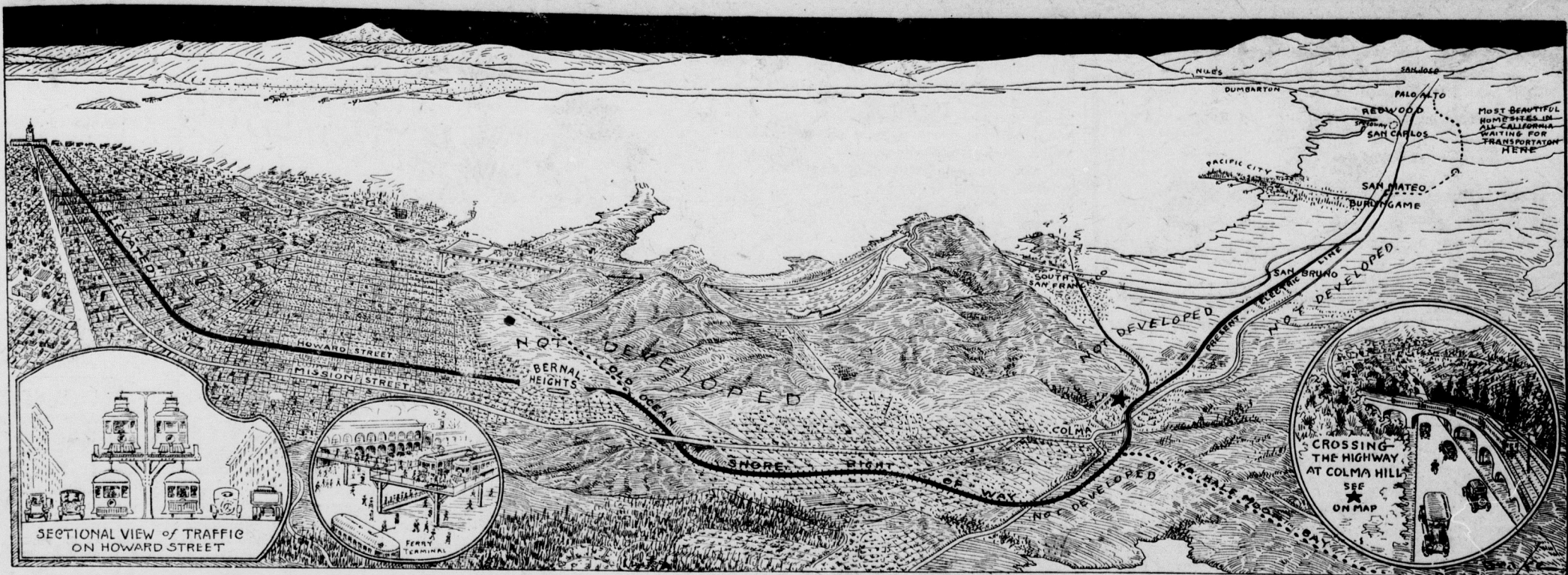
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Telephone So. S. F. 34-J



SAN FRANCISCO'S FUTURE DEPENDS ON RAPID TRANSPORTATION DOWN PENINSULA



Sketch of plan to solve problem by bringing electric trains out of San Francisco on elevated tracks.

F. H. DRAKE SUGGESTS TRANSPORTATION PLAN

The sketch heading this article is the suggestion of Fred H. Drake of the Three Cities Chamber of Commerce transportation committee. In a letter to The Enterprise, Mr. Drake writes in part as follows:

"San Francisco's most important transportation problem is that of developing her suburbs so that the wage earners and workers of San Francisco can have a home in San Francisco's true suburbs and not be compelled to go across the bay.

"The peninsula is San Francisco's own exclusive suburb and if there had been quick electric transportation down into San Mateo county during the past twelve years, you would now see a continuous city from Colma to San Mateo and large built-up communities at Belmont, San Carlos and Redwood.

"San Francisco and the peninsula have lost the thousands and thousands of families who have gone across the bay to make their homes and raise their families, because the only frequent and rapid transportation to suitable homesites was to Alameda county.

"San Francisco's true suburbs begin at Bernal Heights and extend south to San Francisco creek, thirty miles down the peninsula; therefore, if San Francisco is to hold its population, its family population, it must develop its suburbs by quick electric transportation.

"The most beautiful lands for homesites in all California are in the peninsula suburbs of San Francisco; the most suitable lands for industries are here lying idle—both waiting for development, a development that can come only with rapid transportation.

"There is a way to give rapid transportation to this suburban section that will, at the same time, develop a large vacant district within the city proper and solve, or relieve, the ever-increasing congestion of downtown Market street—an elevated, rapid transit line on Howard street, beginning at the Ferry building, extending out through Bernal Heights and down the peninsula.

"The two counties have decided to unite and construct the eastside highway and Dumbarton bridge, which is one of the biggest things ever initiated for the good of the peninsula.

"Now that the highway problem is being solved, the next big fundamental problem affecting our growth and development is rapid, electric transportation for our commuters and those who want to establish homes in San Mateo county, but are not coming because of the superior transportation which is taking them across the bay.

"The whole district from Colma to South San Francisco and over to San Bruno should be occupied with homes and industries. Rapid transportation will bring this growth.

"Let us show our competitive cities in southern California and across the bay that the peninsula knows what it wants and is going to have it. All problems can be solved; all obstacles can be surmounted by organization. We have an organization of live team workers, let's hook them up and go to work on the transportation problem. This is our year, let's go."

ASSOCIATED AERIES EAGLES MEET AT DALY CITY

In the name of Liberty, Truth, Justice and Equality, the Associated Aeries of San Mateo county met last Sunday afternoon at Daly City. Owing to the fact that Sunday was the eve of the municipal elections, several of the delegates absented themselves, nevertheless the meeting was enthusiastic and instructive. Matters of new legislation to be brought before the state aerie, which meets in June at Santa Cruz, were discussed with a view to presenting them to that body in a concerted manner.

The delegates from each aerie reported the steady growth of its membership. The afternoon terminated with the usual banquet, in which Colma-Vista Grande Aerie, as host, upheld its reputation for hospitality.

MRS. TOWNSEND ENTERTAINS.

Mrs. C. H. Townsend entertained at lunch today (Thursday), her guests being Mrs. C. Hooper, Mrs. R. H. Benedict, Mrs. H. Ross, all of San Francisco, Mrs. O. L. Watson of Oakland, and Mrs. J. G. Snyder, Mrs. G. S. Welch, Mrs. J. E. Foster, and Mrs. J. W. Bates of this city. The table decorations and refreshments were typical of Easter.

You may flatter a man by telling him he is intelligent and a woman by praising her beauty, but you must tell a boy you believe he can lick any boy on his street.

NOTIZIE DALLA CONTEA IN ITALIANO.

BAMBINA TRIENNE VITTIMA DI UN TRUCK SEPOLTA SABATO SCORSO

Charmine Lewis, bambina di tre anni, figlia del Signor e Signora E. H. Lewis, la quale fu investita ed uccisa da un pesante truck guidato da C. W. Westcott di Saratoga, fu sepolta Sabato nel pomeriggio al Cimitero di Cypress Lawn. La piccola attraversava la via di San Bruno vicino al canto di Linden avenue quando cadde davanti al truck e la ruota frontale passò sul corpo dell'infelice. Morì quasi istantaneamente.

I SUPERVISORS APPROVANO IL PROGETTO DELL'HIGHWAY E DE PONTE

Con un voto unanime i supervisors approvarono la costruzione dell'highway ed il ponte di Dumbarton e la formazione di un distretto includente San Francisco e questa contea per aiutare tale progetto. Altri passi saranno fatti alla loro riunione di Lunedì prossimo. Il piano fu formulato da un apposito comitato dei supervisors di San Francisco e quelli di San Mateo Venerdì scorso e fu pure approvato dai supervisors di San Francisco Lunedì scorso.

Si crede che l'highway ed il ponte costeranno circa \$2,500,000.

MOLTE CASE SARANNO PRESTO COSTRUITE IN S. F.

Alla riunione della Camera di Commercio, tenuta qui Martedì sera, fu annunciato che ventiquattro nuove case saranno presto costruite in South San Francisco, sotto un piano recentemente stabilito dalla Camera stessa.

Si crede che per lo meno mezza dozzina di altre case saranno costruite sotto il medesimo piano. Molto fu l'entusiasmo dimostrato verso questo piano, che la riunione fu una delle più numerose.

IL CAPO DEI BANDITI DI HART CATTURATO

Il sotto Sheriff H. W. Lampkin arrestò Arnold V. Thompson in Redwood City Lunedì, essendo questi il capo dei ladri che entro nella casa di Julien Hart a Menlo Park la notte del primo Marzo ed asportò per il valore di \$25,000 fra liquori ed argenteria. Thompson più tardi confessò

all'avvocato distrettuale Swart la sua parte nel ladrocinio. Questi fu portato davanti al Giudice Roy Griffin a Redwood City Martedì scorso e ritenuto per giudizio nella corte superiore.

L'ELEZIONE DEI BONI E DELLE TASSE SCONFITTE

La proposta per l'emissione \$46,000 di boni per l'estensione del condotti e per imporre una tassa speciale per la bonifica del centro civico, fu sconfitta alle elezioni di Lunedì. L'emissione di boni da voti tredici e quella della tassa da voti quattordici. Il numero dei votanti, fu il minore recatosi alle urne per l'elezioni cittadini, verificatosi da molti anni avendo questi raggiunto l'esigua cifra di 350.

In Daly City H. H. Smith and T. F. O'Rourke furono rieletti trustees e nuovo eletto T. P. Moran. In San Bruno il Dottore F. H. Smith fu rieletto e George Edwards ed Emil Halter posti nel concilio.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but sometimes it merely makes wrath worse.

AT ROYAL THEATER SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Program for Week Beginning Sunday, April 16th:

Sunday—Wallace Reid in "Rent Free," "Little Miss Mischief" and Mutt and Jeff cartoon.
Monday—Dustin Farnum in "The Devil Within," Jack Reeves in "No Man's Gold."
Tuesday—All-star cast in "The Son of Wallingford," "Leather Pushers," round No. 2, and International News.
Wednesday—All-star cast in "The Son of Wallingford," "Leather Pushers," round No. 2, and International News.
Thursday—Donald Crisp in "Bonnie Brier Bush," Brownie comedy, "Teddy's Goat."
Friday—Hoot Gibson in "The Fire Eater," and George Walsh in "Stanley in Africa."
Saturday—Tom Mix in "The Rough Diamond," "Playing Possum," Bray comic.

MR. BARKOFF THANKS PATRONS.

I wish to thank my many customers and the public in general for their generous patronage upon the occasion of the opening of my new grocery, and trust that I will be able to serve you in the future as I have endeavored to do in the past.

J. BARKOFF.

"Two heads are better than one"—if they're not both boneheads.

GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL

Best Workingman's Hotel in Town
San Bruno Road and Pine Ave.
Hot and Cold Water in Rooms
Shower Baths and Home Cooking
Board and \$8 per w'k Under New Management

NOTICE TO TAYPAYERS

Notice is hereby given that the second installment of City Taxes of the City of South San Francisco for the year 1921-1922 will be delinquent April 24th (last Monday in April). Payment should be made at the office of the City Clerk, in the City Hall, South San Francisco.

DANIEL McSWEENEY, City Clerk.

3-30-41

IMAGINATION and VISION

The story teller's fancy created Hop-o'-My-Thumb and the seven-league boots—the step of twenty-one miles was the limit of his imagination.

Accomplishment as wonderful as the imagery of the fairy tale has followed the vision of Alexander Graham Bell—the instantaneous transmission of the human voice a few feet or thousands of miles.

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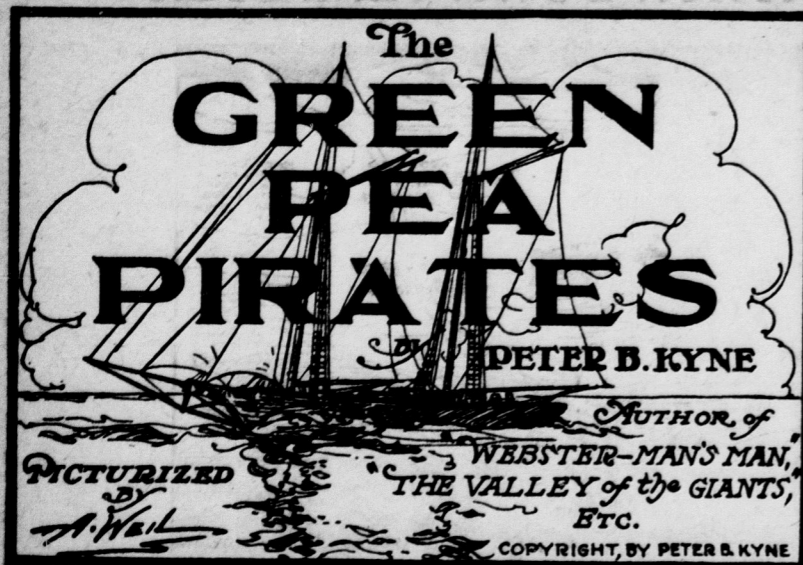


Group of noted drivers that will participate in the Golden Gate Motor Derby that is to be staged on the San Francisco Speedway at San Carlos on Easter Sunday, April 16th.



The Pacific Telephone And Telegraph Company





SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Captain Phineas P. Scraggs has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from mess boy on a river steamer, risen to the ownership of the steamer Maggie. Since each annual inspection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, Scraggs naturally has some difficulty in securing a crew. When the story opens, Adelbert P. Gibney, likable but erratic, a man whom nobody but Scraggs would hire, is the skipper. Neils Halvorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the foremast hand, and Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room.

CHAPTER II.—With this motley crew and his ancient vessel, Captain Scraggs is engaged in freighting garden truck from Halfmoon bay to San Francisco. The inevitable happens, the Maggie going ashore in a fog.

CHAPTER III.—A passing vessel hailing the wreck, Mr. Gibney gets word to a towing company in San Francisco that the ship ashore is the Yankee Prince, with promise of a rich salvage. Two tugs succeed in pulling the Maggie into deep water, and she slips her tow lines and gets away in the fog.

CHAPTER IV.—Furious at the deception practiced on them, Captains Hicks and Flaherty, commanding the two tugboats, ascertain the identity of the "Yankee Prince" and, fearing ridicule should the facts become known along the waterfront, determine on personal vengeance. Their hostile visit to the Maggie results in Captain Scraggs promising to get a new boiler and make needed repairs to the steamer.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER V.

A week had elapsed and nothing of an eventful nature had transpired to disturb the routine of life aboard the Maggie, until Bartholomew McGuffey, having heard certain waterfront whispers, considered it the part of prudence to lay his information before Scraggs and Mr. Gibney.

"Look here, Scraggs," he began briskly. "It's all fine an' dandy to promise me a new boiler, but when do I get it?"

"Why, jes' as soon as we can get this glut o' freight behind us, Bart, my boy. You've managed with the old boiler this long, so it 'pears to me you might be patient an' bear with it a mile longer, Bart."

"Oh, I ain't tryin' to be disagreeable. Scraggs, only it sort o' worries me to have to go along without bein' able to use our whistle."

"We'll fix it when business slackens up," Scraggs decided with finality. He glanced at his watch. "Sufferin' sailor!" he cried in simulated distress. "Here it's one o'clock an' I ain't collected a dollar o' the freight money from the last voyage. I must beat it."

When Captain Scraggs had "beaten it," Gibney and McGuffey exchanged expressive glances. "He's runnin' out on us," McGuffey complained.

"Even so, Bart, even so. Therefore, the thing for us to do is to run out on him. In other words, we'll work a month, save our money, an' then, without a word o' complaint or argument, we'll walk out."

"Oh, I ain't exactly broke, Gib. I got eighty-five dollars."

"Then," quoth Gibney decisively, "we'll go on strike tonight. Scraggs'll be stuck in port a week before he can get another engineer an' another navigating officer, me an' you bein' the only two natural-born fools in San Francisco an' ports adjacent, an' before three days have passed he'll be huntin' us up to compromise."

"I don't want no compromise. What I want is a new boiler."

"You'll git it. We'll make him order the paint an' the boiler an' pay for both in advance before we'll agree to go back to work."

The engineer nodded his approval and after sealing their pact with a hearty handshake, they turned to and commenced discharging the Maggie. When Captain Scraggs returned to the little steamer shortly after five o'clock, to his great amazement, he discovered Mr. Gibney and McGuffey dressed in their other suits—including celluloid collars and cuffs.

"The cargo's out, Scraggs, my son, the decks has been washed down an' everything in my department is shipshape." Thus Mr. Gibney.

"Likewise in mine," McGuffey added.

"Consequently," Mr. Gibney concluded, "we're quittin' the Maggie an' if it's all the same to you we'll have our time."

"My dear Gib. Why, whatever's come over you two boys?"

"Stow your chatter, Scraggs. Shell out the cash. You've fooled us once in the matter o' that new boiler an' the paintin', an' we're not goin' to give you a second chance. Come through—or take the consequences. We'll sail no more with a liar an' a fraud."

"Them's hard words, Mr. Gibney."

"The truth is allers bitter," McGuffey opined.

Captain Scraggs paused to consider the serious predicament which confronted him. It was Saturday night. He knew Mr. McGuffey to be the possessor of more money than usual and if he could assure himself that this

reserve should be dissipated before Monday morning he was aware, from experience, that the strike would be broken by Tuesday at the latest. And he could afford that delay. He resolved, therefore, on diplomacy.

"Well, I'm sorry," he answered with every appearance of contrition. "You fellows got me in the nine-hole an' I can't help myself. At the same time, I appreciate fully your p'int of view, while realizin' that I can't convince you o' mine. So we won't have no hard feelin's at partin', boys, an' to show you I'm a sport I'll treat to a French dinner an' a motion picture show afterward. Further, I shall regard a refusal of said invite as a personal affront."

"By golly, you're gittin' sporty in your old age," the engineer declared. "I'll go you, Scraggs. How about you, Gib?"

"I accept with thanks, Scraggs, old tarpot. Personally, I maintain that seamen should leave their troubles aboard ship."

"That's the sperrit I appreciate, boys. Come to the cabin an' I'll pay you off. Then wait a coupler minutes till I shift into my glad rags an' away we'll go, like Paddy Ford's goat—on our own hook."

"Old Scraggs's as cunning's a peck fox, ain't he?" the new navigating officer whispered as Scraggs departed for his other suit. "He's goin' to blow himself on us tonight, thinkin' to soften our hard resolution. We'll fool him. Take all he gives us, but stand pat, Bart."

Bart nodded. His was one of those sturdy natures that could always be depended upon to play the game, win, lose or draw.

As a preliminary move, Captain Scraggs declared in favor of a couple of cocktails to whet their appetites for the French dinner, and accordingly the trio repaired to an adjacent saloon and tucked three each under their belts—all at Captain Scraggs' expense. When he proposed a fourth, Mr. Gibney's perfect sportsmanship caused him to protest, and reluctantly Captain Scraggs permitted Gibney to buy. Scraggs decided to have a cigar, however, instead of another Martini. The ethics of the situation then indicated that McGuffey should "set 'em up," which he did over Captain Scraggs' protest—and again the wary Scraggs called for a cigar, alleging as an excuse for his weakness that for years three cocktails before dinner had been his absolute limit. A fourth cocktail on an empty stomach, he declared, would kill the evening for him.

But why descend to sordid and vulgar details? Suffice that when the artful Scraggs, pretending to be overcome by his potations and very ill into the bargain, begged to be delivered back aboard the Maggie, Messrs. McGuffey and Gibney loaded him into a taxicab and sent him there, while they continued their search for excitement. Where and how they found it requires no elucidation here; it is sufficient to state that it was expensive, for when men of the Gibney and McGuffey type have once gotten a fair start naught but financial dissolution can stop them.

On Monday morning, Messrs. Gibney and McGuffey awoke in Scab Johnny's boarding house. Mr. Gibney awoke first, by reason of the fact that his stomach hammered at the door of his soul and bade him be up and doing. While his head ached slightly from the fiery onslaught of the Bowhead saloon, he craved a return to a solid diet, so for several minutes he lay supine, conjuring in his agile brain ways and means of supplying this need in the absence of ready cash. "I'll have to hock my sextant," was the conclusion at which he presently arrived. Ten minutes later he took his sextant under his arm and departed for a pawnshop in lower Market street. From the pawnshop he returned to Scab Johnny's with eight dollars in his pocket, routed out the contrite McGuffey, and carried the latter off to ham and eggs.

They felt better after breakfast and for the space of an hour lolled at the table, discussing their adventures of the past forty-eight hours. "Well, there's one thing certain," McGuffey concluded, "an' that thing is sure a cinch. Our strike has petered out. Let's money along down to the Maggie's dock an' see how Scraggs's gettin' along."

Forthwith they set out to interview Captain Scraggs. The owner of the Maggie greeted them cheerily, but after discussing generalities for half an hour, Scraggs failed to make overtures, whereupon Mr. Gibney announced casually that he guessed he and Mac would be on their way. "Same here, boys," Captain Scraggs piped breezily. "I got a new mate an' a new engineer comin' aboard at ten o'clock an' we sail at twelve."

"Well, we'll see you occasionally," Mr. Gibney said at parting.

"Oh, sure. Don't be strangers. You're always welcome aboard the old Maggie," came the careless rejoinder.

Somewhat crestfallen, the striking pair repaired to the Bowhead saloon to discuss the situation over a glass of beer. However, Mr. Gibney's spirits never dropped below zero while he had one nickel to rub against another; hence such slight depression as he felt was due to a feeling that Captain Scraggs had basely swindled him and McGuffey. He was disappointed in Scraggs and said as much. "However, Bart," he concluded, "we'll never say 'die' while our money holds



Mr. McGuffey Located a Dime Which Had Dropped Down Inside the Lining of His Coat.

out, and in the meantime our luck may have changed. Let's scatter around and try to locate some kind of a job; then when them new employees o' Scraggs quit or get fired—which'll be after about two voyages—an' the old man comes around holdin' out the olive branch o' peace, we'll give him the horse laugh."

Three days of diligent search failed to uncover the coveted job for either, however, and on the morning of the fourth day Mr. Gibney announced that it would be necessary to "raise the wind," if the pair would breakfast. They retired to the sidewalk to hold a caucus and Mr. McGuffey located a dime which had dropped down inside the lining of his coat. "That settles it," Gibney declared. "We've skipped two meals but I'll be durned if we skip another. We'll ride out to the San Mateo county line on the trolley with that dime an' then hoof it over the hills to Halfmoon bay. Scraggs won't git away from the dock here until after twelve o'clock, so we know he'll be at Halfmoon bay all night. If we start now we'll connect with him in time for supper. Eh, Bart?"

"A twenty-mile hike on a tee-totally empty stomach, with a battle royal on our hands the minute we arrive, weak an' destitute, ain't quite my idea o' enjoyment, Gib, but I'll go you if it kills me. Let's up hook an' away. I'm for gittin' back to work an' usin' moral persuasion to git that new boiler."

They took a hitch in their belts and started. From the point at which they left the trolley to their journey's end was a stiff six-hour jaunt, up hill and down dale, and long before the march was half completed the unaccustomed exercise had developed sundry galls and blisters on the Gibney heels, while the soles of poor McGuffey's feet were so hot he voiced the apprehension that they might burn to a crisp at any moment and drop off by the wayside.

The crew of the Maggie had ceased working cargo for the day and Captain Scraggs was busy cooking supper in the galley when the two prodigals, exhausted, crippled and repentant, came to the door and coughed propitiously, but Captain Scraggs pretended not to hear, and went on with his task of turning fried eggs with an artistic flip of the frying pan. So Mr. Gibney spoke, struggling bravely to appear nonchalant. With his eyes on the fried eggs and his mouth threatening to slaver at the glorious sight, he said:

"Hello, there, Scraggs, old tarpot. How goes it with the owner o' the fast an' commodious steamer Maggie? Git that consignment o' post-holes aboard yet?"

Mr. Gibney's honest face beamed expectantly, for he was particularly partial to fried eggs. As for his companion in distress, anything edible and which would serve to nullify the gnawing at his internal economy would be welcome. Inasmuch as Captain Scraggs did not readily reply to Mr. Gibney's salutation, McGuffey decided to be more emphatic and to the point, albeit in a joking way.

"Hurry up with them eggs, Scraggs," he rumbled. "Me an' Gib's walked down from the city an' we're hungry. Jawn D. Rockefeller'd give a million dollars for my appetite. Fry mine hard, Scraggs. I want somethin' solid."

"Get off my ship, you murderin' pirates," Scraggs screamed.

"Not till we've et," the practical-minded engineer retorted. "Even then we won't get off. Me an' Gib ain't got any feet left, Scraggs. If we had to walk another step we'd be crippled for life. Fry my eggs hard, I tell you."

"This is piracy, men. It's robbery in the high seas, an' I can put you over the board for it," Scraggs warned

them. "What's more, I'll do it."

"The eggs, Scraggs," boomed Mr. Gibney. "The eggs."

Half an hour later, as the pirates, replete with provender, sat dangling their damaged underpinning over the stern railing where the gentle waves laved and cooled them, Captain Scraggs, accompanied by the new navigating officer, the new engineer, and The Squarehead, came aft. The cripples looked up, surveyed their successors in office, and found the sight far from reassuring.

"I've already ordered you two tramps off'n my ship," Scraggs began formally, "an' I hereby, in the presence o' reliable witnesses, repeats the invitation. You ain't wanted; your room's preferred to your comp'n, an' by stayin' a minute longer, in defiance o' my orders, you're layin' yourselves liable to a charge o' piracy."

Mr. Gibney carefully laid his pipe aside and stood up. He was quite an imposing spectacle in his bare feet, with his trousers rolled up to his great knees, thereby revealing his scarlet flannel underdrawers. With a stifled groan, McGuffey rose and stood beside his partner, and Mr. Gibney spoke:

"Scraggs, be reasonable. We ain't lookin' for trouble; not because we don't relish it, for we do where a couple o' scabs is concerned, but for the simple reason that we ain't in the best o' condition to receive it, although if you force it on us we'll do our best. If you chuck us off the Maggie an' force us to walk back to San Francisco, we're goin' to be reported as missin'. Honest, now, Scraggs, old side-winder, you ain't goin' to maroon us here, alone with the vegetables, are you?"

"You done me dirt. You quit me cold. Git out. Two can play at a dirty game an' every dog must have his day. This is my day, Gib. Scat!"

"Personally," McGuffey announced quietly, "I prefer to die aboard the Maggie, if I have to. This ain't movin' in day with B. McGuffey, Esquire."

"Them's my sentiments, too, Scraggs."

"Then defend yourselves. Come on, lads. Bear a hand an' we'll bounce these muckers overboard." The Squarehead hung back, having no intention of waging war upon his late comrades, but the engineer and the new navigating officer stepped briskly forward, for they were about to fight for their jobs. Mr. Gibney halted the advance by lifting both great hands in a deprecatory manner.

"For heaven's sake, Scraggs, have a heart. Don't force us to murder you. If we're peaceable, what's to prevent you from givin' us a passage back to San Francisco, where we're known an' where we'll have at least a fightin' chance to git somethin' to eat occasionally?"

"You know mighty well what's to prevent me, Gib. I ain't got no passenger license, an' I'll be keel-hauled an' skulldragged if I fall for your cute little game, my son. I ain't layin' myself liable to a fine from the inspectors an' maybe have my ticket book took away to boot."

"Enough of this gab," Mr. Gibney roared. "My patience is exhausted. I'm dog-tired an' I'm goin' to have peace if I have to fight for it. Me an' Bart stays aboard the steamer Maggie until she gets back to Frisco town or until we're hove overboard in the interim by the weight of numbers. An' if any man, or set o' male bipeds that calls themselves men, is so foolish as to try to evict us from this packet, then all I got to say is that they're triffin' with death. I got my arms left, even if my feet is on the Fritz, Scraggs," he continued, "an' if you start anything I'll hug you an' your



"I'll Hug You and Your Crew to Death."

crew to death. I'm a rip-roarin' grizzly bear once I'm started an' there's such a thing as drivin' a man to desperation."

The bluff worked! Captain Scraggs turned to his retainers and with a condescending and paternal smile, said: "Boys, let's give the dumb fools their own way. If they insist upon takin' forcible possession o' my ship on the high seas, there's only one name for the crime—an' that's piracy, punishable by hangin' from the yard-arm. We'll just let 'em stay aboard an' turn 'em over to the police when we git back to the city."

He started for his cabin and the crew, vastly relieved, followed him. The pirates once more sat down and permitted their hot feet to loll over-

board. About ten o'clock next morning the little vessel completed taking on her cargo, the lines were cast off, and the homeward voyage was begun. Messrs. Gibney and McGuffey were seated on the stern bitts as the Maggie came abreast the Point Montara fog signal station, when Mr. Gibney observed a long telescope poking out the side window of the pilot house, and following the direction in which the telescope was pointing he made out a large bark standing in dangerously close to the beach. In fact, the breakers were tumbling in a long white streak over the reefs less than a quarter of a mile from her.

In an instant all was excitement aboard the Maggie. "That looks like an elegant little pick-up. She's plumb deserted," Scraggs shouted to his navigating officer. "I don't see any distress signals flyin' an' yet she's got an anchor out while her canvas is hangin' so-so."

"If she had any hands aboard, you'd think they'd have sense enough to clew up her courses," the mate answered.

At this juncture, Mr. Gibney and McGuffey, unable to restrain their curiosity, and forgetful of the fact that they were pirates with very sore feet, came running over the deck and invaded the pilot house. "Gimme that glass, you sock-eyed salmon, you," Gibney ordered Scraggs, and tore the telescope from the owner's hands. "Hum—m—m! American bark Chesapeake. Starboard anchor out; yards braced a-box; royal an' top-gallan's clewed up; courses hangin' in the buntlines an' clew garnets, Stars-an'-Stripes upside down."

He lowered the glass and roared at Neils Halvorsen, who was at the wheel. "Starboard your helm, Squarehead. Don't be afraid of her. We're goin' over there an' hook on to her. I should say she is a pick-up!"

Mr. Gibney had abdicated as a pirate and assumed command of the S. S. Maggie. With the memory of a scant breakfast upon him, however, Captain Scraggs was still harsh and bitter.

"Git out o' my pilot house an' aft where the police can find you when they come lookin' for you," he screeched. "Don't you give no orders to my deckhand."

"Stow it, you ass. Yonder's a prize, but it'll require imagination to win it; consequently you need Adelbert P. Gibney in your business, if you're contemplatin' hookin' on to that bark, snakin' her into San Francisco bay, an' libelin' her for ten thousand dollars salvage. You an' Mac an' The Squarehead here have sailed this strip o' coast too long together to quarrel over the first good piece o' salvage we ever run into. Come, Scraggs. Be decent. forget the past, an' let's dig in together."

The new navigating officer drew Captain Scraggs aside and whispered in his ear: "Make it up with these Smart Alecks, Scraggs. They got it on us, but if we can send you an' Halvorsen, McGuffey and Gibney over to the bark, you can get some sail on her an' what with the wind helpin' us along, the Maggie can tow her all right."

Mr. Gibney saw by the hopeful, even cunning, look that leaped to Scraggs' eyes that the problem was about to be solved without recourse to the Gibney imagination, so he resolved to be alert and not permit himself to be caught out on the end of a limb. "Well, Scraggs?" he demanded.

"I guess I need you in my business, Gib. You're right an' I'm always wrong. It's a fact. I ain't got no more imagination than a chicken."

"Spoken like a man—I do not think. Scraggs, for once in my life I have you where the hair is short. I'm willin' to dig in an' help out in a pinch, but it's gettin' so me an' Mac can't trust you no more. We're that leery of you we won't take your word for nothin', since you fooled him on the new boiler an' me on the paint; consequently, we're off you an' this salvage job unless you give us a clearance. In writin', statin' that we are not an' never was pirates, that we're good, law-abidin' citizens an' aboard the Maggie as your guests, takin' the trip at our own risk. When you sign such a paper, with your crew for witnesses, I'll demonstrate how that bark can be salvaged. My imagination's better'n my reputation, Scraggs, an' I ain't workin' it for nothin'!"

"Gib, my dear boy. You're the most sensitive man I ever sailed with. Can't you take a little joke?"

"Sure. I can take a little joke. It's the big ones that stick in my craw an' stifle my friendship. Gimme a fountain pen an' a leaf out o' the log book an' I'll draw up the affidavit for your signature."

Scraggs complied precipitately with this request, whereupon Mr. Gibney spread his great bulk over the chart case and with many a twist and flip of his tongue on the up and down strokes, produced this remarkable document:

"At Sea, Off Point Montara, aboard S. S. Maggie, of San Francisco, June 4, 19—"

"This is to certify that A. P. Gibney, Esq., and Bart McGuffey, Esq., is law-abidin' citizens of the U. S. A. and the constitution thereof, and in no way pirates or such; and be it further resolved that the said parties hereto are aboard said American steamer Maggie this date on the special invite of Phineas P. Scraggs, owner, as his guests and at their own risk."

"Witness my hand and seal."

Captain Scraggs signed without reading and the new mate and Neils Halvorsen appended their signatures as witnesses. Mr. Gibney thereupon folded this clearance paper into the thinnest possible compact ball, wrapped

it in a piece of tinfoil torn from a package of tobacco, to protect it from his saliva, tucked it in his cheek and with a sign for McGuffey to follow him, started crawling over the cargo aft. By this time the Maggie was within a hundred yards of the distressed bark and was reaching slowly backward and forward before her.

"In all my born days," quoth Mr. Gibney, speaking a trifle thickly because of the document in his mouth, "I never got such a wallop as Scraggs handed me an' you last night. I don't forget things like that in a hurry. Now that we got a vindication o' the charge o' piracy again us, I'm achin' to get shet of the Maggie an' her crew; so if you'll kindly peel off all of your clothes with the exception, say, of your underdrawers, we'll swim off to that bark an' give Phineas P. Scraggs an exhibition of real sailorin' an' seamanship."

"What's the big idee?" McGuffey demanded cautiously.

"Why, we sail her in ourselves—me an' you an' glom all the salvage for ourselves. Tell with Scraggs an' the Maggie an' that new mate an' engineer. I'm off'n 'em for life."

Pop-eyed with excitement and interest, B. McGuffey, Esquire, stood up, and with a single twist shed his cap and coat. His shirts followed. Both he and Gibney were already minus their shoes and socks. To slip out of their faded dungarees was the work of an instant. Strapping their belts around their waists to hold up their drawers, the worthy pair stepped to the rail of the Maggie.

"Hey, there? Where you goin', Gib? I give you that clearance paper on condition that you was to tell me how to salvage that there bark."

"I'm just about to tell you, Scraggs. You don't touch a thing aboard the Maggie. You leave her out of it entirely. You just jump overboard, like me an' Mac will in a jiffy, swim over to the bark, climb aboard, and sail her in to San Francisco bay. When you get there you drop anchor an' call it a day's work." He grinned broadly. "One o' these bright days, Scraggs, when me an' Mac is just wallerin' in salvage money, drop around to see us an' we'll give you a kick in the face. Farewell, you boobies," and he dove overboard.

"Ta-ta," McGuffey cried in his tantalizing falsetto voice, and followed his leader into the briny deep.

(Continued next week.)

PARENTS OF EX-SERVICE MEN SEEKING TWO SONS

Mr. and Mrs. George Rickman of Coburg, Ore., aged parents of two young ex-service men, have called upon the Red Cross to locate their sons, from whom they have had no word since April, 1921. Both went to war, one a sergeant, first class, Company A, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., the other a seaman on the cruiser Maryland, U. S. N., wounded in action.

Paul Rickman, the soldier, 24 years old, planned a year ago to go out with a logging company near Portland, Ore. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, has dark brown eyes, dark complexion, thin face, and weighed about 130 pounds. The brother, Oscar, two years younger, is 5 feet 9 inches tall, with light complexion, brown eyes and light brown hair. He was wounded in the knee, but does not limp.

Any information concerning one or both these boys may be sent to the Pacific division, office of the American Red Cross, Civic Auditorium, San Francisco.

Didn't Need To.

Congresswoman Robertson of Oklahoma, was talking about women in politics.

"Woman lacks political training as yet," she said, "but there's no reason why, in time, she shouldn't do as well in politics as man does."

"Certainly in replying to hecklers she will do well. I remember stopping one still October evening to listen to a woman preaching some new creed to others from a soapbox. 'Say!' a rough shouted to her. 'Say, you look cold, baby. Why don't you turn your collar up, like me?'"

"Well, you see," baby answered sweetly from her soapbox, "well, you see, I've got a clean neck."—Los Angeles Times.

History Made Easy.

The family was seated at dinner and the conversation turned to school lessons, much to the consternation and disgust of little Cynthia.

"What period in English history are you doing?" asked her father.

"The Stuarts," said Cynthia curtly.

There was a long pause as father thought out a question to put to his daughter. He was a little hazy about facts, but at last he propounded his poser.

"What was the first thing James I did when he came to the throne?" asked father solemnly.

"Sat on it, I suppose," replied Cynthia with calm conviction.—Answers, London.

Anonymous letter writers probably imagine they are causing much misery to those who receive the letters, but usually they only cause the recipients to laugh. Nobody needs to fear so abject a coward as an anonymous letter writer.

Tikes and Teeners Corner

Conducted by "Auntie Ruth"

Letters and compositions from the young folk will be gladly received for publication in this corner by Auntie Ruth. Write and tell your experiences in school, in your home or what you see on the way to school. Also tell Auntie Ruth the kind of stories you like to read.

Address all communications thus: "Auntie Ruth, Community News, 224 Miramar Avenue, San Francisco, Calif."

Dear Tikes and Teeners: Are you wondering who those prize winners are? Well, I am happy to tell you that we have some good workers among my many nieces, bright girls indeed. Just look at Dorothy Erickson's record—only one small mistake! Of course, she gets first prize. Congratulations, Dorothy! Miss Erickson lives at 169 South Parkview avenue, Daly City. Auntie Ruth would like to know what school you attend, and what grade you are in, Dorothy, so please write and tell us.

The second prize goes to Clara Hoadley, 301 Crocker avenue, Daly City, who missed but two words. Wasn't that fine, too? Clara is 12 years old and in the seventh grade of the Crocker Tract school. Miss Calland is her teacher and a very good one she must be, for Clara's story was beautifully written.

To Overa Ella Axdal, 206 Howth street, Ingleside, San Francisco, will go the third prize. Little Overa is only 11 years old, is in the seventh grade of the Farragut school, of which Miss Louisa Bray is the efficient principal. Miss Barbara Neebe is little Miss Axdal's teacher, and it is plain that Overa has been well instructed, for her answer was neatly written in a very pretty script.

Auntie Ruth is very proud of these three clever girls and would like to know what kind of books they like best. When you write and tell me that, girls, I will try my best to please you in the selection of the prizes.

We are very sorry for the many who tried and are disappointed. Don't be discouraged, little Tikes. Try again on the next puzzle, which will appear before long and won't be quite so difficult. Now here is the story all straightened out. It is to be hoped the memory of Carol will inspire all Auntie Ruth's nieces and nephews to become famous for their correct spelling.

Here is the prize story corrected.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS TRIP VIVIDLY DESCRIBED

(By Dorothy Baines, Eighth Grade, Jefferson School.)

One sunny morning in March, 1922, our class met at the Colma station. We were bound for a day's outing. Some of the boys wore hiking suits. Some carried large lunches, others carried small ones. We were under the care of Mr. Savage.

When we got on the street car, it was crowded with people going to work.

When we arrived at the ferry building we purchased our tickets and hurried for the boat.

We sat on the deck of the boat. It was a clear day and you could see Mount Tamalpais in the distance. San Francisco bay is very large. Some of the islands we passed were Goat Island and Alcatraz.

While walking around the boat, some one discovered a place where a fire was starting. We notified the porter; he brought buckets of water and put it out.

When we were nearing Sausalito one girl thought she had lost her tickets. After looking everywhere, she finally found them in her coat pocket.

From Sausalito we took an electric train to Mill Valley. When we arrived at Mill Valley, after checking our coats, we were prepared for the climb.

We took several pictures while ascending the mountain. The hardest place to climb is a place that is called Devil's Slide. It is made up of rocks. Several fell while climbing this.

After climbing this part, some took the wrong route. Those who did, had to climb over more rocks.

After every one had reached the summit we ate our lunches, which were enjoyed by all. After this the boys played baseball and the girls rested.

Those who had not been at the Observation Point, went up there with Mr. Savage. They met some Danish sailors. These sailors wanted to take their pictures, but some were afraid, so they didn't take them.

We started for Muir Woods by way of the railroad tracks, which we finally left for the trail.

The scenery in Muir Woods is beautiful. There are many large trees and numerous small streams. One stream had a small bridge built over it.

We finally came to a place where the trail branched. One led to Joe's Place and the other to Mill Valley.

Here one girl, one boy and the manual training teacher left us. The manual training teacher had to leave. The girl left because she had lost the heel to her shoe. The boy left because he had a bloody nose. Every one was very sorry over their leaving.

While crossing the stream a few fell in and got a little wet.

We came to a place where the boys and a few girls played baseball. There was an ash can there, and there was a piece of paper on it which said, "Skunk! Beware!" One of the boys took the lid off and found the skunk alive in the can. Mr. Savage gave the skunk some sandwiches to eat.

We arrived at a place called "Rattlesnake Camp." This is so called because of the snakes found there. We also saw ladybug camp.

When we arrived at Mill Valley we had our supper. Then we walked around the town.

Several had bought jazz horns, and they played them on the train. They also played them while waiting for the boat. But on the boat the porter wouldn't let them play.

We finally arrived home, tired but happy, after a long, delightful day.

WHY CAROL CHANGED HER MIND.

(By Auntie Ruth.)

Once upon a time there was a little girl who did not like to study her spelling lesson. Her name was Carol Calrk and she was in the fourth grade. She could answer 9x8 and even 12x12 right off, whiff! just like that! She could read and write very nicely indeed, and her drawings were often pinned up on the wall because of their excellence, but oh! such spelling!

Her teacher and her mother and her father and her grandma and her chum and her Auntie Ruth and even Black Sam, the gardener, felt very badly about those low marks on her report card in that one study, and urged her to try to do better. But she just laughed and said she didn't see what difference it made how the letters came, just so they were all there, and wouldn't even try.

"Never mind, young lady," said her father one evening, after an unusually poor mark in spelling was found on her card. "Sometime something is going to happen which will make you wake up and get busy. You'll see." That made Carol a little uneasy, for her daddy's sayings had an uncanny way of coming true.

That night, as she lay watching the big, round moon and thinking things over, the queerest thing happened! She found herself stepping right over the window-sill into that moon! At first she was frightened, but it was very lovely there and soon she saw the Man-in-the-moon helping the Old Woman with her bundle of fagots. They didn't seem at all surprised to see Carol. Merely motioned her to be seated at a little desk which, to the little girl's surprise, was her old school desk, ink spots and all.

She sat very meekly until—Flip! and there was her spelling book right in her hands.

"Now, as soon as you are ready we will have your surprise party," said the Man-in-the-moon, his round face shining with good nature.

"Surprise what?" asked Carol, wondering if it could be a party, which all little girls love. "Will there be ice-cream?" Carol thought that was a clever way of finding out if the surprise was really a party.

"Well—ahem!—that depends upon you. Wait and see," replied the Man-in-the-moon smiling at the old woman knowingly. Then he put his fingers to his lips and my! such a whistle! Carol jumped, but the Moon-man only grinned and winked one twinkly eye.

Suddenly the air was full of fairies. Real gossamer-winged fairies, such as Carol had read of and dreamed about many a time, but never had hoped to see. They fluttered all about her, laughing and flinging her fairy kisses from tiny finger tips. Carol was so excited and happy! She laughed and danced, too, and tried to catch one so she could get a real good look at her, but always they kept just beyond her reach.

Somehow she found herself at her desk again, and the Moon-man was saying: "You see, you are the first little Earth child that has been sent up to the fairies' spelling school for quite a while, and we're all hoping you'll pass. If you don't, you'll spoil all our fun."

Then the fairies fluttered about her again, dropping on her desk little slips of paper, on each of which something was written.

"There's a pretty gift for every line you read correctly," said the Moon-man with a smile. "Now hurry! We're all so anxious."

With eager fingers Carol picked up the first slip and read: "There's a

birthday ring for you around a rosy." All plain enough but two words. She frowned and puzzled until the fairy queen said the time was up and she must pass on to the next.

On this was written: "Snow birds are waiting to bring you a big dish of ice-cream." She guessed at the last words, but could not get the first one in time and had to pass on. The third line read: "There's a pretty doll that can talk and walk waiting in her buggy for you." She nearly finished that, but not quite, so missed that gift, too. Oh! how she worked on the next one: "The Man-in-the-moon has some bright new roller skates in his pocket."

By this time her eyes were so full of tears that she could not see plainly, and well—I am sorry to say it, but that big, fourth grade girl did not read a single one of those lines correctly. She begged the Moon-man to help her, but he only grinned and tapped his bulging pocket; and, instead of feeling sorry for her, those mischievous fairies began laughing and dancing around her, shouting with pointing fingers, "Now don't you wish you'd studied your spelling lessons better? Ah, Ha! Ah, Ha!"

Carol was so shamed! She started to put her head down on her desk to hide her tears when, Oh! horrors! Down she plunged, falling down, down out of the moon until—Ouch! And there she was, plunk on the floor by her little bed and out there was the Man-in-the-moon grinning at her from ear to ear, and Oh! how his eyes did twinkle! Carol thought she saw all those fairies still pointing teasing fingers as they floated away on a fleecy cloud.

It was a very humble little girl who crept back into bed, thankful she hadn't fallen out of the moon. She promised herself she would study her spelling until never again would she have to miss such a good chance to receive lovely gifts. It wasn't long until Carol was the best speller in school, but only her mother ever knew why she so suddenly changed her mind. She decided it did make a difference how the letters in words were arranged.

I want stories of the cunning things the babies say and do. If you have a little sister or brother, I'm sure you could tell us some very amusing jokes about them. So please send us some, won't you?

Here are some verses for the littlest Tikes. Doesn't somebody want to learn "Bobby's Lament" by heart and recite it at school or somewhere else? If you do, be sure to tell me about it, won't you?

Lovingly,
AUNTIE RUTH.

There's a pile of gold pouring into the United States treasury, but the stuff doesn't stay long enough to get acquainted.

SUCH A FUNNY BOY.

(By Auntie Ruth.)

My folks and I think it jolly queer About some things I will tell you here. I was hunting my cap; they laughed at me

And said, "Don't you see it there on your knee?" I wanted a key and I do declare They asked if it fitted a lock of my hair!

They told me the roof of my mouth to shingle With nails from my fingers and toes a-tingle.

I know many men of many trades But where can I sharpen my shoulder blades? Sometimes I sleep with my mouth wide open: That my eye teeth keep close watch here's hopin'!

"Aha! Your blood must be very bad Because your heart beats it," said my dad;

But Say! Suppose that every drop Became good as gold: would my heart stop?

They found a crook in my elbow, too; Must it go to jail? What did it do? I asked the way to school with care: "Right straight in your eyes—we see pupils there!"

Said they, when I paused where a river flows, "Why don't you cross on the bridge of your nose?"

But I'm no twin, I would have it known, Even though each foot has a sole (soul) of its own.

BOBBY'S LAMENT.

(By Auntie Ruth.)

I think it's very funny About my diffrunt sizes At morning and at evening— It really surprises.

Much early ever' morning, "Get up!" says mother. "Do!" "Why lie in bed so lazy?" A great, big boy like you."

But when comp'ny comes to dinner And I want to sit up late,— "Oh, no, such little fellows Must go to bed at eight!"

I ask you, is it fair now To say I've shrinked like that, When people tell me ever' day: "Look out! You're getting fat!"

A boy goes to Sunday school as a matter of course, but when the head of the house is forced out of a Sunday morning by the united efforts of the entire family, he brags about it all week to the boys in the office.

Who remembers when editorial columns were used by editors in attacking each other?

INDUSTRIAL NEWS FROM ALL OVER CALIFORNIA

San Francisco to get new \$40,000 bakery.

Truckee—Company organized for construction of \$100,000 hotel.

Los Angeles—Application for building \$4,000,000 hotel filed.

Los Angeles—\$7,000,000 contract let for new Biltmore Hotel.

Los Angeles reports employment situation good.

San Francisco—Ten buildings to cost \$10,000,000 going in on Market street.

Sacramento—\$3,000,000 state building begun.

Alhambra—Building permits for first half of March totaled \$109,585.

Burlingame breaks ground for new high school.

Lincoln to get elevator with capacity of 3300 bushels.

Richmond formulating plans for large modern hospital.

California spuds in 261 new oil wells since January 1st.

Richmond—City council votes \$25,000 for Legion memorial hall.

San Francisco—Forty-five new homes to be erected in St. Francis Wood.

Truckee—Construction of \$75,000 moving picture studio announced.

Stockton—\$50,000 wall board factory to go up at once.

Passenger airplanes operate regularly between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Maysville—Chamber of Commerce plans erection of \$400,000 hotel.

Dinuba to get up-to-date raisin packing house.

Chico—Woodmen of World to build four-story building.

Richmond—\$60,000 building to be erected on McDonald avenue.

February crude oil 323,585 barrels daily, increase of 10,113 barrels over January.

Sonoma—Kitchen incubator factory to build modern plant.

Los Angeles—Southern California Edison Company lets contracts for \$3,500,000 project.

South San Francisco—Crystal Springs Lake conduit to cost \$5,000,000.

El Centro—3000 acres in county planted to watermelons.

San Francisco—Hurley Manufacturing Company to erect \$1,250,000 plant employing 400 men.

Santa Rosa—Local growers offered \$87.50 for coming season's grape crop.

Los Angeles planning construction of subway to relieve congestion.

Shasta—Deeds filed for proposed immense power project on Pitt river.

Newhall—San Fernando Valley Savings Bank building started.

Alameda—Co-operative Refineries to construct ore reducing plant.

Portola—Beckwith Peak Lumber

Company starts plant for season's run.

Orland to erect \$50,000 high school. Santa Rosa—American National Bank to open doors May 1st.

Meinert—Brookside Fruit Company erecting large warehouse.

Pomona—Contracts awarded for new \$450,000 high school.

Anderson—Lassen Park Association to spend \$30,000 on advertising.

San Dimas—R. M. Teague nurseries to incorporate with \$100,000.

California spuds in twenty-six new oil wells during week ending March 18th.

Petaluma—Organization of 12,000-acre irrigation district under way.

Georgetown—\$24,490 contract let for concrete bridge at Chili Bar.

Santa Maria—200,000-gallon steel storage water tank being erected.

Berkeley issues building permits for one week totaling \$117,000, breaking all previous records.

Sacramento—Crop conditions throughout Sutter Basin exceptionally good.

Pittsburg—F. E. Booth cannery to open April 1st with 225 women.

Riverside—Northern Redwood Lumber Company ready for operations.

The Santa Fe is one of the few great railroad systems of the country actively pushing ahead its improvement work. It contemplates the expenditure this year of about \$45,000,000 for betterments, equipment, new main line second track and new branch lines. This is about \$8,000,000 more than was so spent in 1921.

Los Angeles claims to be heaviest user of gas in state.

Alameda—Work to start on naval base soon.

1921 grape crop valued at \$26,628,850.

San Pedro—Methodists to erect \$85,000 church.

Inglewood—\$80,000 fireproof building to be constructed.

Shipments fruit and vegetables in 1921 show 27 per cent increase.

Dunsmuir—Much building activity planned.

Glendale—K. of C. to build \$50,000 club.

Tracy—\$300,000 bond issue to reclaim 8500 acres land voted.

Dunsmuir to have up-to-date park and auto camp ground.

Van Camp Company to erect four packing plants in state.

San Francisco now has population of 670,000.

Different.

Somewhere or other we ran across this:

"Confound you, sir," said the general. "Why don't you be careful? Here instead of addressing this letter to the intelligence officer, you addressed it to the intelligent officer. You should know there is no such person in the army!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Cook With CALIFENE

The Perfect Shortening

Made right here at home, it comes to you fresher than Eastern-made shortenings

CALIFENE

Is the shortening that satisfies. Ingredients are plainly indicated on each tin.

Manufactured under the watchful eyes of the U. S. Government inspectors by the

Western Meat Company

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO



Califene

is made of vegetable oil and beef fat, the elements which make for good digestion. It is made in a government inspected factory, sanitary and clean. Ask your grocer for

Califene

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

John F. Mager returned this week from a two weeks' business trip to Nevada.

Mrs. C. W. Meyer entertained the Afternoon Bridge Club at luncheon Wednesday.

Little George Britton, son of Mrs. George Britton, has been ill the past week with grippe.

Rumor has it that Mr. Campbell, our genial postmaster, will shortly take unto himself a wife.

Mrs. M. R. Clifford and Miss M. F. Seazer spent the week-end with friends at San Rafael.

Edwin N. Hicks of Fresno spent the week-end with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Hicks.

Miss Ruth Snyder is at home on a ten days' vacation from Miss Burke's school of San Francisco.

Miss M. F. Seazer of Chautauqua, N. Y., arrived last Friday to visit her cousin, Mrs. M. R. Clifford.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Kleemeyer are spending the week at the home of Mr. Kleemeyer's parents in San Jose.

Miss Rue Clifford returned Tuesday from several days' visit with her sister, Mrs. J. F. Cahill, at Sebastopol.

Miss Emily Van Valin of San Mateo spent several days this week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. J. O. Snyder.

Miss Emily Van Valin and Miss Elizabeth Coffinberry attended a matinee in San Francisco Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Eleanor Boyle of this city took part in the concert given in San Mateo Monday evening by the Peninsula Choral Society.

Mrs. Henry D. Cushing and children of Oakland were week-end guests at the home of Mrs. Cushing's mother, Mrs. Anna Woodman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Waelty and son spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Waelty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Waelty, in Santa Clara.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Hempstead left Tuesday for Stevens Creek, where they are camping for the week.

It is reported to our society editor that several of the young men around town have taken to shaving their eyebrows to a thin line, a la flapper.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elder returned Friday from a two weeks' vacation spent in southern California, visiting at Los Angeles and the beach resorts on the south coast.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Kauffmann motored Sunday to Guerneville. Mrs. Kauffmann will remain the remainder of the week. Mr. Kauffmann returned home Monday.

Houses for sale on easy terms, also to rent, fur, and unfur. Lots for sale from \$300 up, only \$25 down and \$5 a month. Why not buy and build your own home? Telephone 129, San Bruno. L. M. Hawkins.—Adv.

Mrs. H. T. Lintott entertained on Saturday her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lester Burger, and two small daughters and Mrs. Burger's mother, all of Westwood Park. Mrs. Burger and mother left for a week's trip to Los Angeles, leaving her children with Mrs. Lintott.

About fifty high school students went Monday to Mill Valley, where they picnicked and hiked. Part of the students walked to Mount Tamalpais and part to Willow Camp. The students were chaperoned by H. J. Holt and Robert Reed. The day was greatly enjoyed by those who attended.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Canavesio motored Sunday to Santa Rosa, where they spent the day with Mrs. Canavesio's sister, Mrs. J. Maccario. Laura and Lena Maccario returned home with Mr. and Mrs. Canavesio and will remain until after Easter. Mrs. Maccario will join her daughters here Thursday, and remain over Easter.

Miss Sylvia Doak, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Doak, took part in "The Parthenia" this year, given last week at the University of California. As the parts are open to all students of the university, Miss Doak was honored in having made the part. Miss Doak also danced in "The Parthenia" when a freshman in the college.

W. OTTENFIELD OPENS NEW BAKERY HERE

W. Ottenfield will open a new bakery in this city, which he will call the Quality Home Bakery. The opening is announced for next Monday, the location of the bakery as 421 Linden avenue. Mr. Ottenfield states that he will produce the highest grade of French pastry and pies and cakes and that these will be sold by the leading stores. Another specialty will be bread such as "mother used to make when she had good luck."

A Different Tariff.

A member of congress took a taxi one rainy day at the capitol to proceed to his home in the suburbs.

When he arrived and asked the chauffeur the charge, the latter replied that it was \$4.

"But," protested the congressman, "you are charging me for four miles."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I understand that the distance is only two miles and a half."

"It is as a general thing, sir," as sented the driver, "but you see we skidded a lot."—Harper's Magazine.

An Appropriate Name.

"I wonder," said Perkins, "why they named this picture theater the Beehive?"

"Have you ever seen any of their pictures?" asked his friend.

"Never."

"Well, if you ever do, you'll know the reason all right, because after each one you feel as though you'd been stung."—Judge.

She Had Him.

Hearing a faint rustle in the dark hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out: "Well, Bessie, have you landed him?"

There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments. It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man: "She has!"—Argonaut.

It is more important to your happiness to change one enemy into a friend than to make a hundred new friends of strangers.

Is isn't much of an excuse to say you "never had a chance." The thing to do is to go out and knock chance in the head and drag it home by the ears.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS OF THE County of San Mateo FOR THE YEAR 1922

All Taxpayers are required by law to annually make and deliver to the Assessor a statement, under oath, setting forth specifically all the real and personal property owned by such person, or in his possession, or under his control, at 12 o'clock meridian, on the

First Monday in March

Accordingly, you are requested to fill out the assessment blank in question and deliver the same at the office of the Assessor immediately making oath thereto.

The property of all persons who refuse or neglect to furnish such statement will be arbitrarily assessed; and such assessment shall not be subject to equalization. Refusal to furnish the statement above required will subject the person so refusing to a fine of \$100.

Any information relating to the assessments will be furnished upon application to the Assessor's office, D. P. FLYNN, Assessor, San Mateo County.

NOTICE To Taxpayers Second Installment 1921-1922 County Taxes

Notice is hereby given that the second installment of County Taxes is now due and payable and will become delinquent on April 24th, 1922, the last Monday in April, at six o'clock p. m., and unless paid prior thereto, 5% will be added to the amount thereof.

Taxes may be paid on any day at my office, except Sundays and holidays, in Redwood City, at the Court House, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.

Kindly send description of your property in asking for statement of taxes.

Address all communications regarding County Taxes to wood City, Cal.

A. MCSWEENEY, County Tax Collector, Red-

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS OF THE City of South San Francisco FOR THE YEAR 1922

All Taxpayers are required by law to annually make and deliver to the Assessor a statement, under oath, setting forth specifically all the real and personal property owned by such person, or in his possession, or under his control, at 12 o'clock meridian, on the

First Monday in March

Accordingly, you are requested to fill out the assessment blank in question and deliver the same at the office of the Assessor immediately making oath thereto.

The property of all persons who refuse or neglect to furnish such statement will be arbitrarily assessed; and such assessment will not be subject to equalization. Refusal to furnish the statement above required will subject the person so refusing to a fine of \$100.

Any information relating to the assessments will be furnished upon application at the City Hall. DANIEL MCSWEENEY, Assessor, City of South San Francisco.

Places you'll want to visit in San Francisco DIRECTORY AND AMUSEMENT GUIDE

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LOEW'S HIPPODROME

O'Farrell St., near Powell
Week of April 16th
Vaudeville's Foremost Comedy Couple
BABB LA TOUB & FEED ELLIOTT
TOM MC KAY'S SCOTCH REVUE
Shirley Mason in photoplay
"JACKIE"

THE GOLDEN GATE

STANDARD VAUDEVILLE and
FEATURE PHOTOPLAYS
Continuous from 12:45 to 11:30 p. m. daily

ORPHEUM

Week of April 16th
Billy B. Van and James J. Corbett in a travesty entitled
"THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT"
Other Big Acts

COLUMBIA

Week of April 16th
Chauncey Olcott in
"RAGGED ROBIN"

ALCAZAR

O'Farrell St., bet. Powell and Mason
Week of April 16th
"FENROD"
Charming Comedy

PANTAGES THEATER

Week of April 16th
BOB SINI TROUPE
SKELLY AND HEIT REVUE
C. Wesley Johnson and Co.; Foley and O'Neil; Three Ambler Bros.; Walter Hastings; Julia Edwards.
Neal Hart in
"KING FISHER'S ROOST"

Simple System.
"Flubdub, why don't you play the races any more?"
"If a man played every day and managed to break even at the end of the season, you'd call him a wizard, wouldn't you?"
"Sure would."
"Well, I break even without all that anxiety."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Mazola Oil\$1.82
Sugar, 15 lbs.\$1.00
Tomatoes, Columbus Brand..12c
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M. J. B. Coffee, 1 lb.....40c
3 lbs.\$1.15 5 lbs.....\$1.85

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You can now have your eyes examined and glasses fitted by a registered optician in our jewelry department.

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PORTOLA

Week of April 16th
"AT THE SIGN OF THE JACK O' LANTERN"

IMPERIAL

Week of April 16th
Alice Terry in
"TURN TO THE RIGHT"

GRANADA

Week of April 16th
Betty Compson in
"THE GREEN TEMPTATION"
"Fierette," second Granada Ballet.

FRANCESCA

Week of April 16th
"THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE"

RIALTO

Week of April 16th
"THE MISTRESS OF THE WORLD"

CALIFORNIA

Week of April 16th
Jack Holt and Agnes Ayres in
"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR"
California Orchestra, Herman Heller, Director.
Pathe News—Screen Topics

STRAND THEATER

Week of April 16th
D. W. Griffith's
"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"

TIVOLI

Week of April 16th
Richard Barthelmess in
"SEVENTH DAY"

FROLIC THEATER

Week of April 16th
Herbert Rawlinson in
"THE MAN UNDER COVEER"

CENTURY

Week of April 16th
WALTER HAMPTON
in a repertoire of Shakespearean plays

Graney's Billiard Parlor

Finest in the World
Perfect Ventilation
EDDIE GRANEY, Prop.
924 Market St. 51 Eddy St.

Humboldt Savings Bank

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Your Ambition—
A Bank Account
Our Ambition—
Your Account
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Open Saturday evening, 6 to 8, for deposits

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6 Pounds Sugar . . . 42c
3 Pounds Rice . . . 19c
Harvest Sweet Corn, 2 for 25c
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